The Vagabonds

Herald Dean Curt

OLD CABIN SONGS
NO-3

COMPILED BY
The VAGABONDS
Herald ~ Dean ~ Curt

SONGS THAT MAKE HISTORY
FORSTER MUSIC PUBLISHER (INCORPORATED)
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OLD CABIN SONGS

No. 3

Compiled by

THE VAGABONDS

Herald—Dean—Curt

WSM

Nashville, Tenn.

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THE VAGABONDS
Herald—Dean—Curt

Dedication

This book with it's many songs, photographs and stories is respectfully dedicated to our vast radio audience from whom we get the inspiration and encouragement to try to be of service in this life.

If we may, in some small measure, bring Happiness to Those who listen to our radio programmes and Those who sing our songs, we feel that our lives are not in vain.

The Vagabonds, Herald, Dean & Surt dedicate This Book to you in The Hope that you may receive a moment of happiness as you peruse it's pages.

Sincerely Yours,

The Vagabonds
Herald P. Goodman
Dean R. Upson
Surt. A. Poulton.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE CALL LETTERS "W-S-M" STAND FOR?

As one of the listeners of WSM, you will be interested in knowing how the station got its call letters.

It all started thirty years ago when five young men—one a doctor, another a lawyer and the others three young business men—got together and decided to stake their future in the insurance business—a company built on their own ideals. The fact that five energetic men got together is nothing new but what is unusual is that these same five men are still in business together. The company has grown by leaps and bounds into a lusty young giant because in its conduct these men have carried out their ideals.

Here's where "W-S-M" comes in. The Company featured insurance for every member of the family, including the baby. It was presented to the public as a "shield of protection" for the rainy day. The representatives of the Company soon became known as "Shield Men" and the insurance plan they sell is now known as the "Shield Plan." Two million people from coast to coast are "shielded." There are 3 000 Shield Men—one, no doubt, in your own neighborhood—who provide this form of insurance for the family.

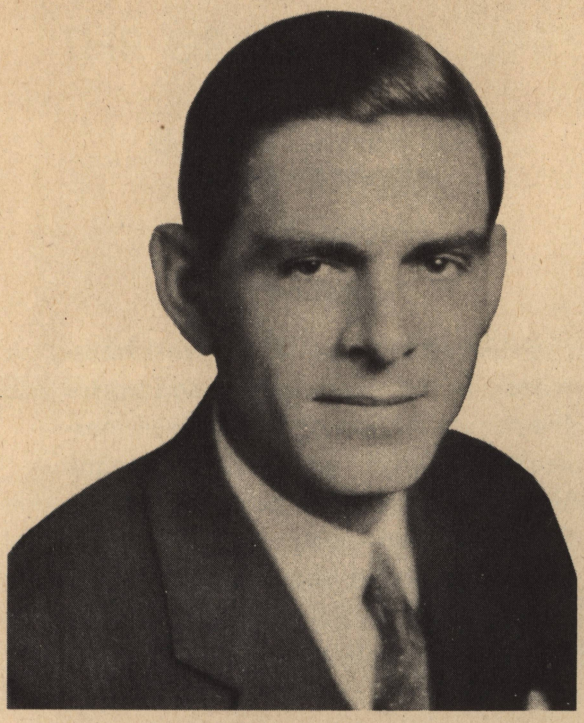
So, when the Company got its franchise to own and operate a radio station, it was only natural that it should be assigned the letters "W-S-M" indicative of its policy and meaning "We Shield Millions."

EDWIN CRAIG

Vice President "The National Life & Accident

Insurance Company"

In Charge of Radio



HARRY STONE

Manager Radio Station

WSM

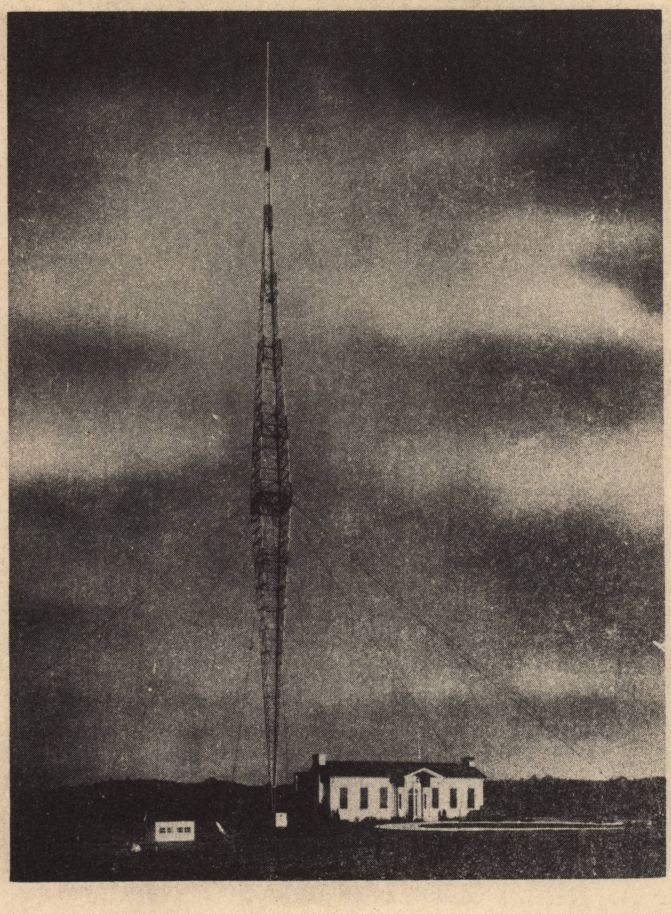
As Manager of Radio Station WSM — the station of the National Life and Accident Insurance Company — I note with much pleasure that with our 50,000 watt transmitter and other modern equipment, WSM is putting its interesting programs in the homes of many more thousands of listeners, as is attested by the thousands upon thousands of letters and telegrams from listeners who are, so to speak, new to us.

The compliments paid us in these many messages convince us that the old, homey songs — the songs that everybody knows and loves — likewise the songs of the hill country are as popular as ever.

WSM is proud and happy in the fact that the Grand Old Opry (which comes to you every Saturday Night — 8 to 12 P. M.) has become an institution and can truthfully boast of the largest listening audience of any program on the air today.

Our listeners, we are sure, will be pleased to know that one of the organizations comprising the Grand Old Opry, the Vagabonds (Herald, Dean and Curt), who have done much to help popularize the songs of the mountains, have gained thousands of new friends. In fact their popularity has grown to such an extent that they were solicited by the RCA Victor Company to record not only their own compositions but their own version of some of the popular songs of the day. This will make it possible for the many thousands of listeners throughout the country, with whom the Vagabonds are favorites, to obtain true recordings of their favorite songs as the Vagabonds render them.

We earnestly hope and believe that Old Cabin Songs No. 3 with its new photos and the Vagabonds' new songs, will prove even more acceptable than anything they have offered in the past.

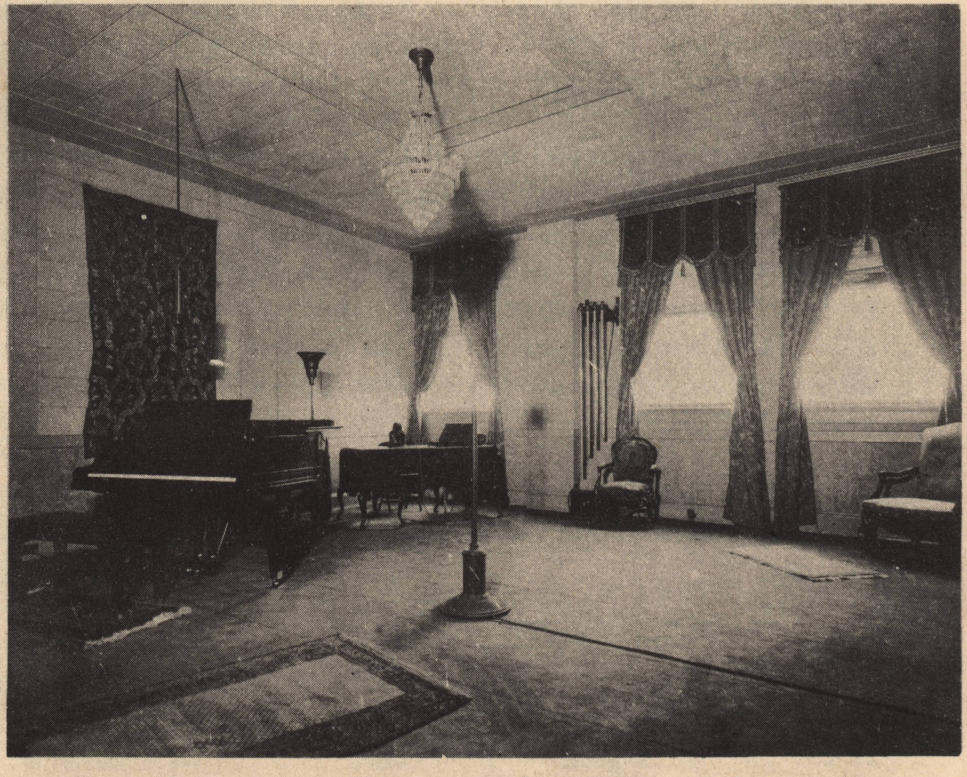


WSM

America's Most Modern Radio Station

WSM with its new 50,000 watt transmitter, is the most modern and up-to-the-minute station of the thirteen maximum powered broadcasters in the United States. The new WSM—the Shield Station—embodies the latest improvements of the broadcast field, and pioneers the vertical radiator type antenna system in the South.

Especially will the vertical antenna system prove a magnet for the attention of radio engineers and technicians in all parts of the world. Rising 878 feet from base to the top, with blinker lights for guidance of aircraft, the vertical radiator marks a new step in the diffusion of programs into the air, and is the third one to be erected on the North American continent.



New Broadcasting Studio at WSM

WSM PRESENTS "THE GRAND OLD OPRY"

By
GEOGE DEWEY HAY
Publicity Director
WSM

"She'll be Comin' Round the Mountain When She Comes."

Critics of music tell us that many of the operas written by the old masters were drawn largely from European folk music. On the other hand, Dr. Walter Damrosch recognized as one of America's leading musicians, teachers, and New York Symphony director, broadcast the statement during one of his programs that there is little place, if any, in the classics for realism. As a result of Dr. Damrosch's statement made on a program broadcast by WSM a few years ago just before the barn dance went into action, the Saturday Night Shindig was dubbed The Grand Old Opry. The name has stuck.

At any rate, it is generally conceded that the old time tunes form a large part of American folk music. Out of the west have come the cowboy tunes. New England has a style of its own as exemplified by that sturdy old settler, Mellie Dunham, who was selected by Mr. Henry Ford as America's champion old time fiddler. However, the South with its easier climate is by nature, endowed to express its emotions more fully in song and story. Literally thousands of songs and tunes have been handed down through the generations but of these numbers only a very small percentage have been preserved by publication.

Picturing life in the Tennessee hills which is typical of most of the South, WSM's Grand Old Opry is enjoying its eighth year as a regular Saturday night feature of the broadcasting service of the National Life and Accident Insurance Company, Nashville, Tenn. It was started in the late fall of 1925 about a month after WSM first went on the air with its one thousand watt transmitter. Since that time the station has enlarged its power by successive steps until it is now one of the giants of the air with fifty thousand watts housed in a beautiful colonial mansion with a single antenna that reaches 878 feet into the air. It is America's tallest radio tower.

The Grand Old Opry program is confined almost entirely to the old time songs as interpreted by the fiddlers and banjo pickers of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Alabama. While Nashville itself is 158 years old and is known as the Athens of the South, because it is an educational center with several universities and colleges within its limits, the Grand Old Opry draws its talent from the country-side within a one hundred mile radius.

More than fifty people take part on the program each Saturday night which was originated by the Solemn Old Judge. Harry Stone, station manager, and George D. Hay, the Solemn Old Judge, publicity director of WSM, serve as masters of ceremonies throughout this four hour "shindig" which opens at 8 o'clock.

W S M
"GRAND OLD OPRY"

The Vagabonds — Herald, Dean and Curt — in presenting photographs of the various "acts" on the Grand Old Opry with a brief story about each hope that it will help you to enjoy more fully the entire program. When you hear your favorite tunes, you will have a more realistic picture of the artists as they really look when they are broadcasting these tunes out to you.

G. W. Wilkerson and his "Fruit Jar Drinkers" do not live up to that name in actual life. Probably the name is somewhat responsible for the fact that their most popular tune is "The Bully of the Town."

One of the outstanding features on this Old-Time Show is Dr. Humphrey Bate and his "Possum Hunters." Music is just a hobby of Dr. Bate for he is really a physician — a graduate of Vanderbilt University. Old time tunes rendered by this team are really something to listen to. We'll vouch that they'll cure some of your ills.

Paul Warmack and his "Gully Jumpers" are another fine band. They have been asked to **jump** to other stations but we are glad to know that they prefer to stick to their first love — WSM. They receive a lot of requests each week for their particular brand of tune.

Sam and Curt McGee, true Tennessee Mountaineers, have been with WSM for five years. They have been known in the past through their many recordings for the RCA Victor Company and they are still one of the most popular acts on the Grand Old Opry.

One of the most picturesque of the Old-Time Singers is Uncle Dave Macon, who styles himself "The Dixie Dewdrop." He really is a picture as you can imagine with his plug hat, gold teeth, gates-ajar-color chin whiskers, an enormous watch chain and three banjos. Dorris Macon, son of Uncle Dave, accmpanies his father in many of their rollicking numbers.

The mail that Theron Hale and His Daughter and Tom Givens receive each week is proof that the public like the waltz type and slower moving of the old-time tunes which is a feature of this act.

The Grand Old Opry wouldn't be complete without a "brother" act, and now we are fortunate to have two such teams. The Crooks Brothers Barn Dance Orchestra originally was composed of members from one family, but one of the brothers moved away and another became a member of the Nashville Police force. With his duties in that regard, he found it impossible to continue on the Grand Old Opry program. The band now consists of Louis and Herman Crook — Bill Etter, who plays the piano, and Clarence Minton hitting it up on the Old Guitar.

The other brother team is Delmore Bros., who are products of the flat land at the tip of the Cumberland Mountains in Alabama. These boys bring a distinct Alabama type of old time music which has recently caused the RCA Victor Company to select them as exclusive artists.

DeFord Baily is showing the radio world just how the harmonica can be played by one of his race. We agree with DeFord when he says he believes he has learned how to make the harmonica "take effect." He has recorded for Brunswick and Victor Records.

We all hope you will continue to be with us on the "Grand Old Opry" program in which we make every effort to give you a few hours pleasure from the moment the curtain rises until it falls. Send in your requests to your favorite acts for the numbers you like best.

G. W. Wilkerson
And His
Fruit Jar Drinkers

Dr. Humphry Bate
And The
Possum Hunters

Paul Warmack
And The
Gully Jumpers

Sam McGee and Arthur Smith
with
Curt McGee
The Dixie Liners

Uncle Dave Macon
"The Dixie Dew Drop"
And His Son
Dorris

Wm. E. Poplin
And His
Barn Dance
Orchestra

The
Crook Bros.
String Band

Theron Hale
And His
Daughters

Binkley
Bros.
String Band

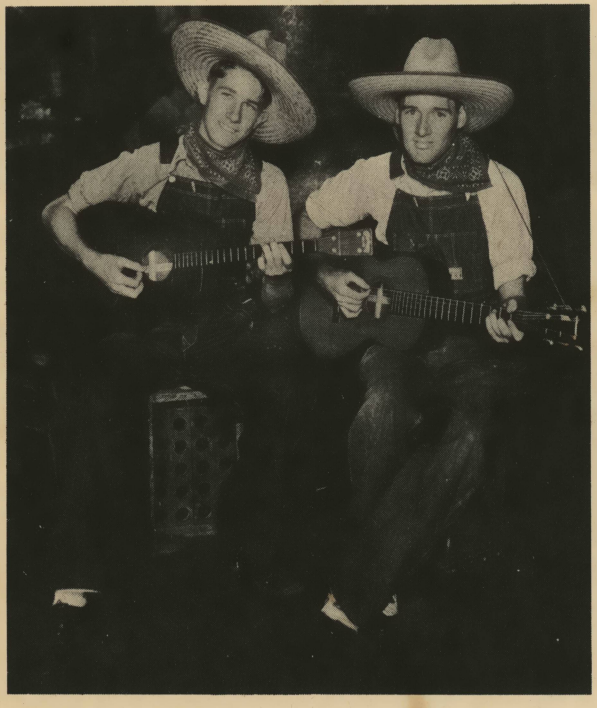
THE VAGABONDS

Dean

Herald

Curt

The Delmore Bros.



Deford Bailey

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NUMBERS RECORDED BY THE VAGABONDS FOR THE RCA VICTOR COMPANY, WHICH ARE NOW ON SALE

NINETY NINE YEARS
FOREVER AND EVER MORE
IN THE SLEEPY HILLS OF TENNESSEE
LITTLE MOTHER OF THE HILLS
LITTLE SHOES
HOW BEAUTIFUL HEAVEN MUST BE
THAT LITTLE BOY OF MINE
THE OLD RUGGED CROSS
FATHER, MOTHER, SISTER AND BROTHER
IN THE VINE COVERED CHURCH WAY BACK HOME
LITTLE OLD BRICK CHURCH
MY PRETTY QUADROON
WHEN IT'S MOONLIGHT DOWN IN LOVER'S LANE

These records can be purchased through Montgomery Ward & Co. Woolworth Stores, Rose's, United 5-10c Stores, F. W. Weber Stores, Neisner Brothers Stores and McCrory Stores as well as in all general music stores.

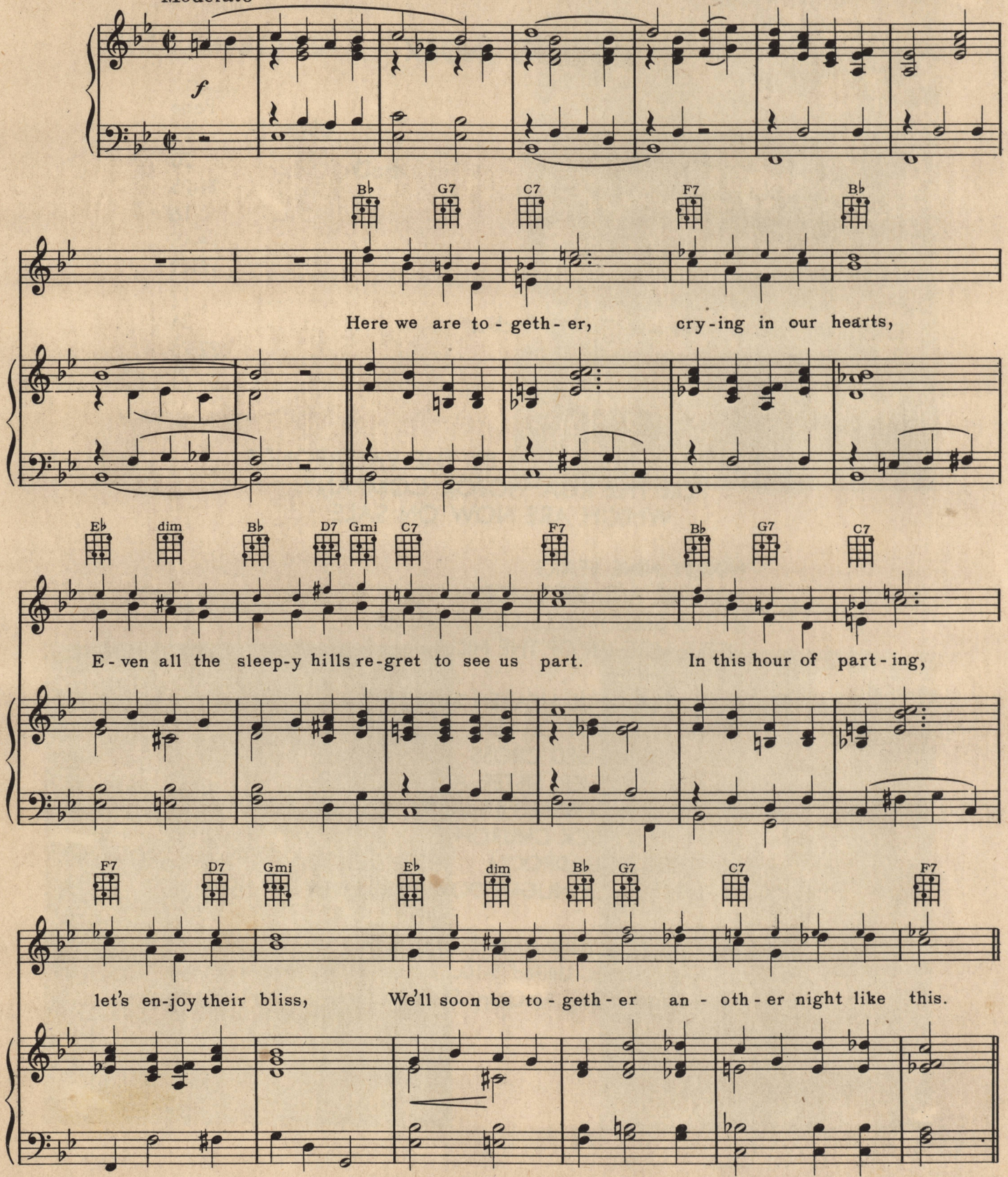
IN THE
Sleepy Hills Of Tennessee

Tune Uke

G C E A

Words and Music by
THE VAGABONDS
HERALD GOODMAN - DEAN UPSON - CURT POULTON

Moderato


f
B♭ G7 C7 F7 B♭
Here we are to - geth - er, cry - ing in our hearts,
E♭ dim B♭ D7 Gmi C7 F7 B♭ G7 C7
E - ven all the sleep - y hills re - gret to see us part. In this hour of part - ing,
F7 D7 Gmi E♭ dim B♭ G7 C7 F7
let's en - joy their bliss, We'll soon be to - geth - er an - oth - er night like this.

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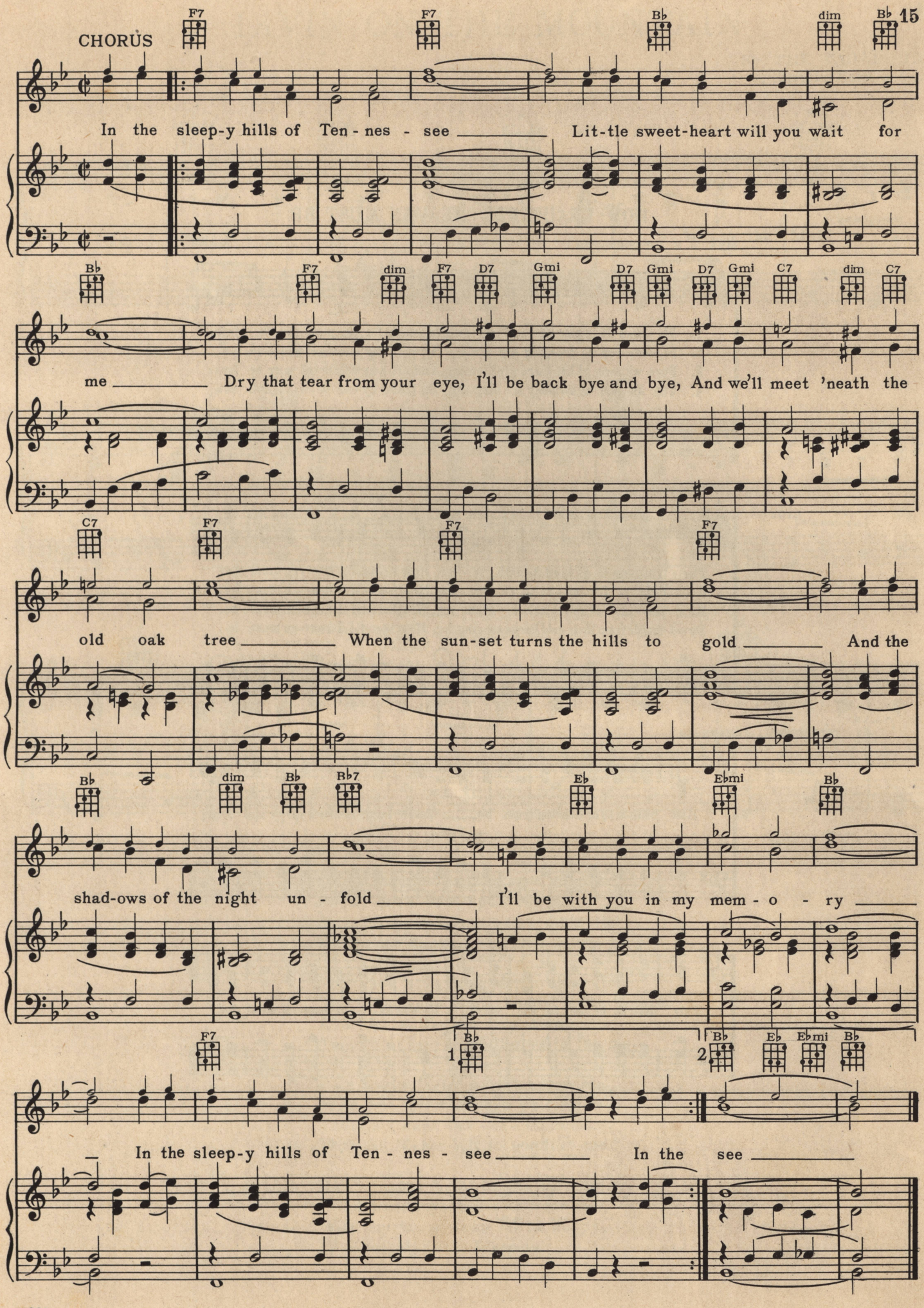
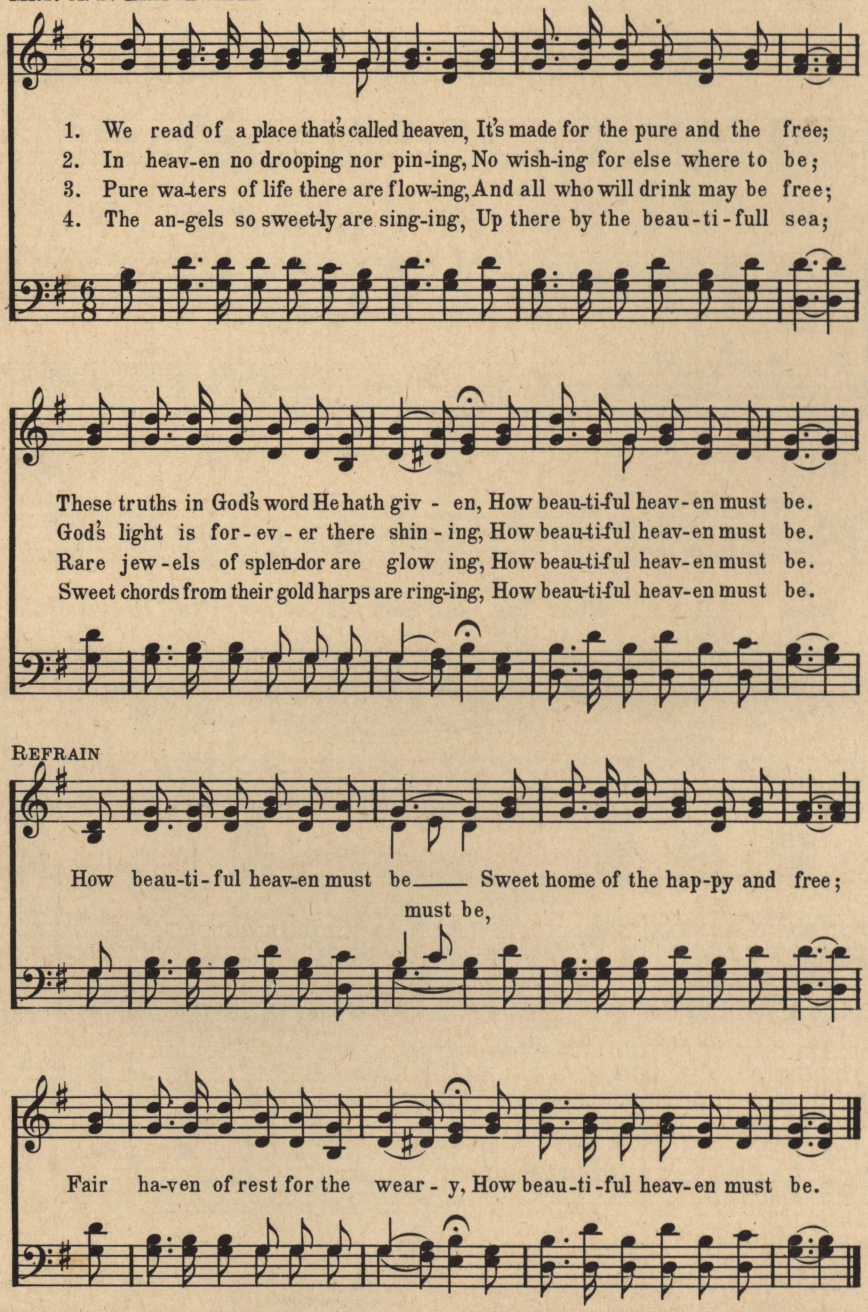
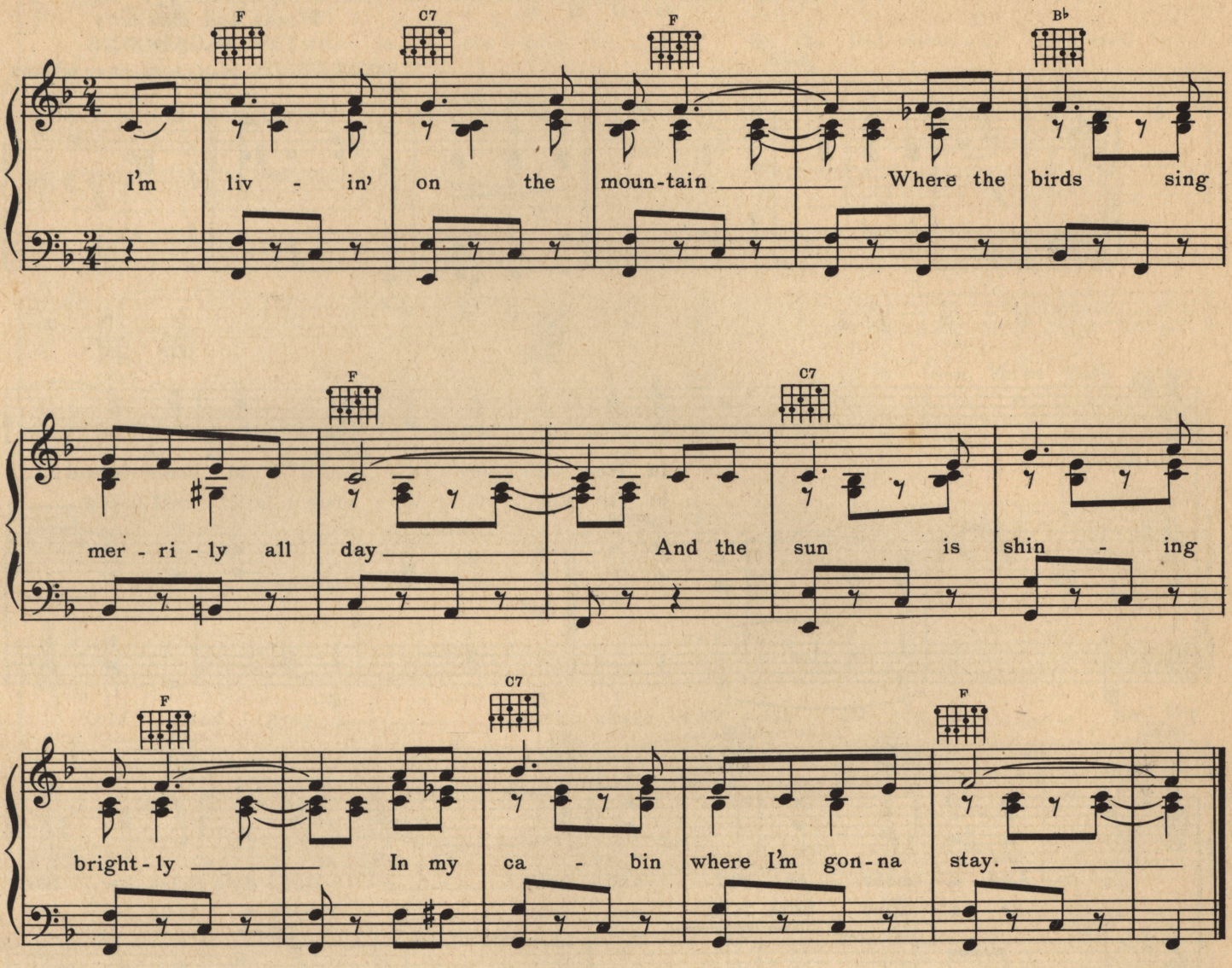

CHORUS
In the sleep-y hills of Ten - nes - see Lit-tle sweet-heart will you wait for
me Dry that tear from your eye, I'll be back bye and bye, And we'll meet 'neath the
old oak tree When the sun-set turns the hills to gold And the
shad-ows of the night un - fold I'll be with you in my mem - o - ry
In the sleep-y hills of Ten - nes - see In the see

HOW BEAUTIFUL HEAVEN MUST BE

MRS. A. S. BRIDGEWATER A. P. BLAND


1. We read of a place that's called heaven, It's made for the pure and the free;
2. In heav-en no drooping nor pin-ing, No wish-ing for else where to be;
3. Pure wa-ters of life there are flow-ing, And all who will drink may be free;
4. The an-gels so sweet-ly are sing-ing, Up there by the beau-ti-full sea;
These truths in God's word He hath giv - en, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
God's light is for-ev-er there shin-ing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
Rare jew-els of splen-dor are glow ing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
Sweet chords from their gold harps are ring-ing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
REFRAIN
How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be Sweet home of the hap-py and free;
must be,
Fair ha-ven of rest for the wear - y, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.

LIVIN' ON THE MOUNTAIN

By THE VAGABONDS
Herald—Dean — Curt

F C7 F B♭
I'm liv - in' on the moun-tain Where the birds sing
F C7
mer - ri - ly all day And the sun is shin - ing
F C7 F
bright - ly In my ca - bin where I'm gon - na stay.

Oh, the whippoorwill is ever singin'
By my cabin door upon the hill,
And the moonbeams come a-stealin'
Makes me think of one that I love still.

Now she's sleepin' yonder in the valley
'Neath the pine trees, sighin' in the breeze,
And I know I'm not forgotten,
Though in heaven Mollie waits for me.

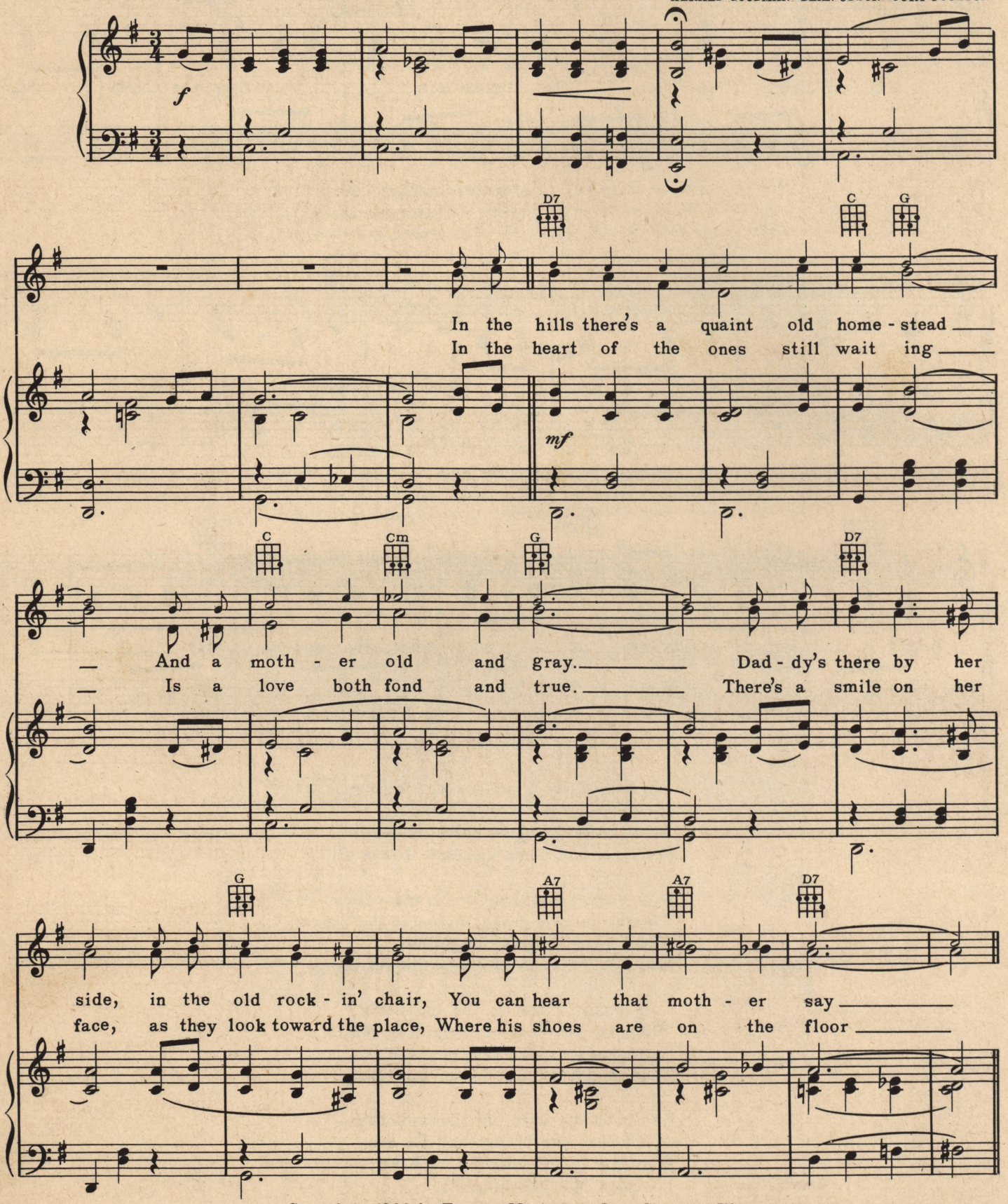
I am happy livin' on the mountain,
With her spirit always guiding me,
Though I have but one companion,
That the Maker left to comfort me.

So I'm happy livin' on the mountain,
'Til I hear my Maker call for me,
With my houn' dawg I'll be happy,
I'll meet Molly in Eternity.

LITTLE SHOES

Tune Uke

G C E A

Words and Music by
THE VAGABONDS
HERALD GOODMAN - DEAN UPSON - CURT POULTON

f
D7
C
G
In the hills there's a quaint old home - stead
In the heart of the ones still wait ing
mf
C
Cm
G
D7
And a moth - er old and gray.
Dad - dy's there by her
Is a love both fond and true.
There's a smile on her
G
A7
A7
D7
side, in the old rock - in' chair, You can hear that moth - er say
face, as they look toward the place, Where his shoes are on the floor

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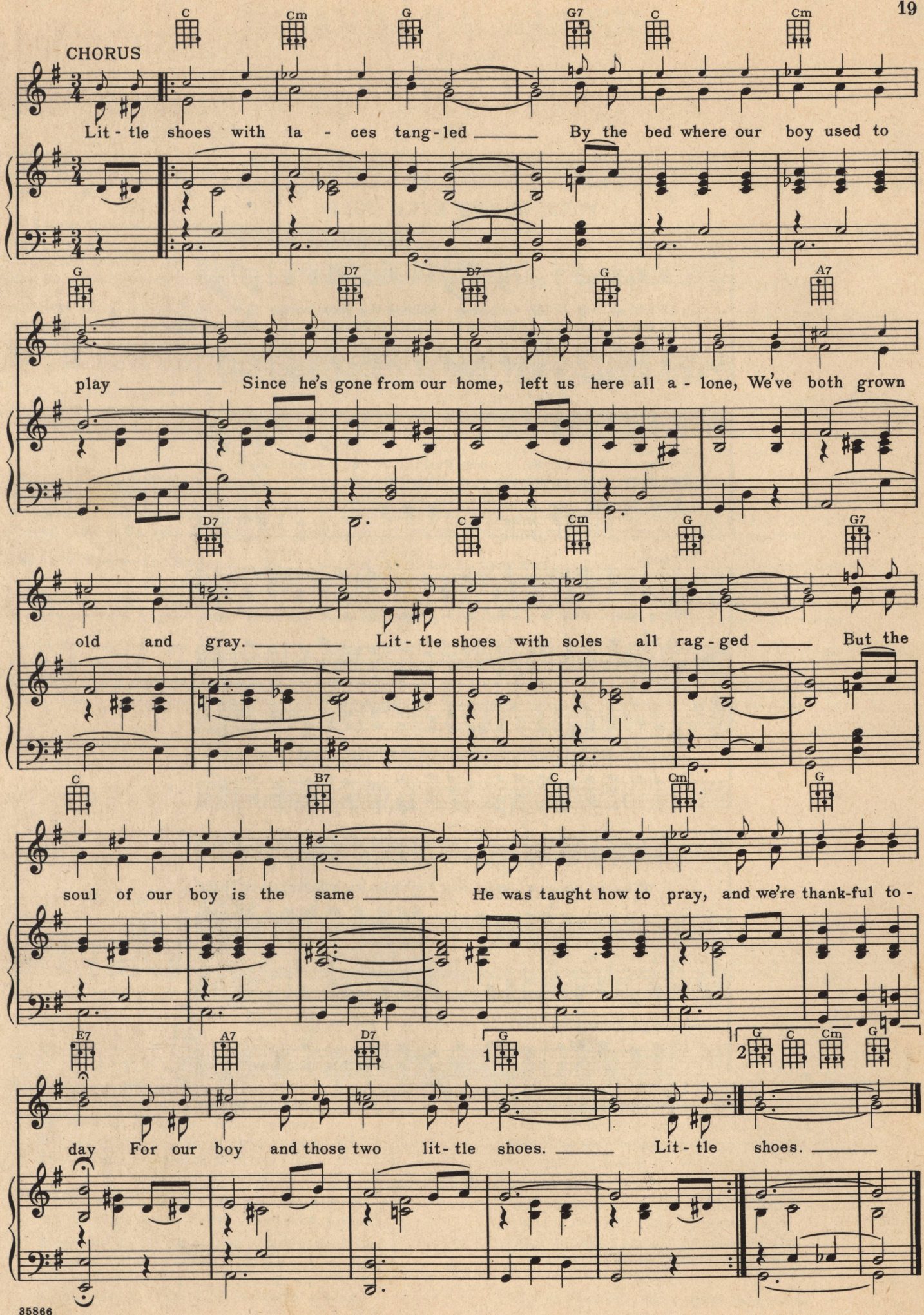
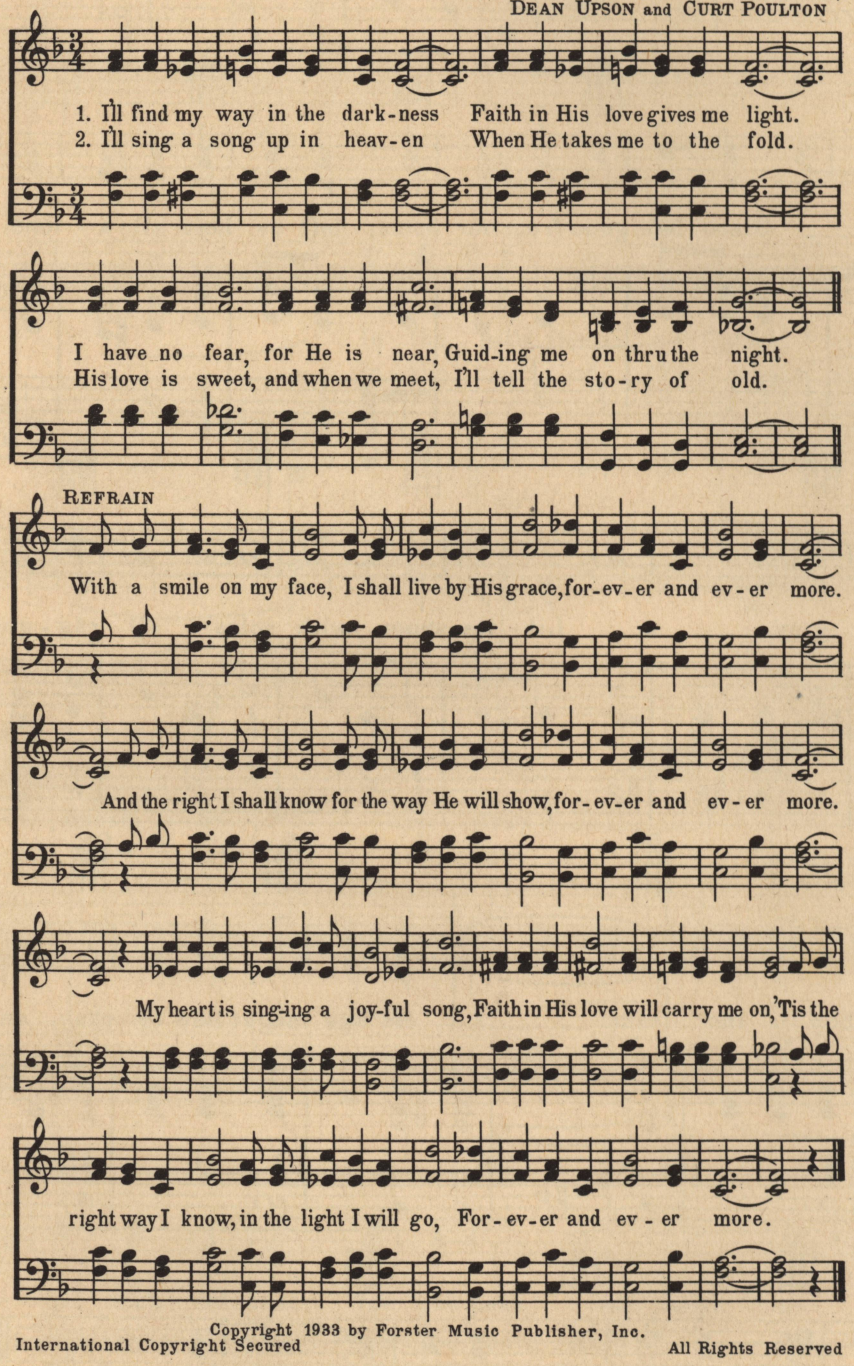

CHORUS
C Cm G G7 C Cm
Lit - tle shoes with la - ces tang - led ___ By the bed where our boy used to
G D7 D7 G A7
play ___ Since he's gone from our home, left us here all a - lone, We've both grown
D7 C Cm G G7
old and gray. ___ Lit - tle shoes with soles all rag - ged ___ But the
C B7 C Cm G
soul of our boy is the same ___ He was taught how to pray, and we're thank-ful to -
E7 A7 D7 1 G 2 G C Cm G
day For our boy and those two lit - tle shoes. ___ Lit - tle shoes. ___

FOREVER AND EVER MORE

Words and Music by HERALD GOODMAN,
DEAN UPSON and CURT POULTON

1. I'll find my way in the dark-ness Faith in His love gives me light.
2. I'll sing a song up in heav-en When He takes me to the fold.
I have no fear, for He is near, Guid-ing me on thru the night.
His love is sweet, and when we meet, I'll tell the sto-ry of old.
REFRAIN
With a smile on my face, I shall live by His grace, for-ev-er and ev-er more.
And the right I shall know for the way He will show, for-ev-er and ev-er more.
My heart is sing-ing a joy-ful song, Faith in His love will carry me on, 'Tis the
right way I know, in the light I will go, For-ev-er and ev-er more.

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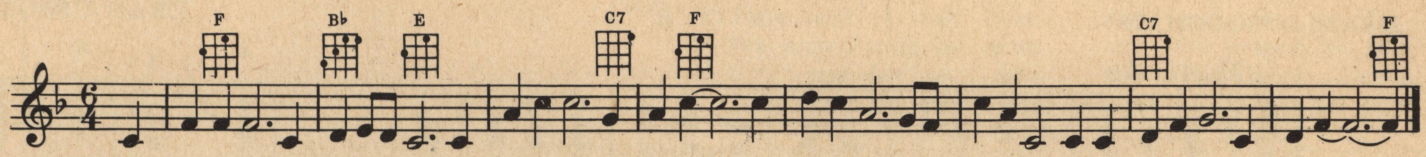
BARBARA ALLEN

Tune Uke
G C E A

In Scarlet Town where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwelling,
Made every youth cry well away,
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swelling,
Sweet William came from the Western States
And courted Barbara Allen.

It was all in the month of June,
When all things they were blooming,
Sweet William on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent servant to the town
Where Barbara was a-dwelling;
My master is sick and sent for you
If your name is Barbara Allen.

And death is painted on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealing,
Then hasten away to comfort him
O, lovely Barbara Allen.

So, slowly, slowly she got up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said when she got there,
Young man, I think you're dying.

Oh, yes, I'm sick and very sick,
And death on me is dwelling,
No better, no better, I never can be
If I cant get Barbara Allen.

Oh, yes, you're sick, and very sick,
And death on you is dwelling,
No better, no better, you never will be
For you can't get Barbara Allen.

Oh, don't you remember in yonder town,
When you were at the tavern,
You drank a health to the ladies all 'round
And slighted Barbara Allen?

Oh, yes, I remember in yonder town,
In yonder town a-drinkin'
I gave a health to the ladies all 'round,
But my heart to Barbara Allen.

As she was on her highway home,
The birds they kept a-singing,
They sang so clear they seemed to say,
Hard-hearted Barbara Allen.

As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the death bell knelling,
And every stroke did seem to say,
Hard-hearted Barbara Allen.

She looked to the East, she looked to the West,
She spied his corpse a-coming,
Lay down, lay down that corpse of clay
That I may look upon him.

The more she looked, the more she mourned,
Till she fell to the ground a-crying,
Saying, take me up and carry me home,
For I am now a-dying.

Oh, mother, oh, mother, go make my bed,
Go make it long and narrow,
Sweet William died for pure, pure love,
And I shall die of sorrow.

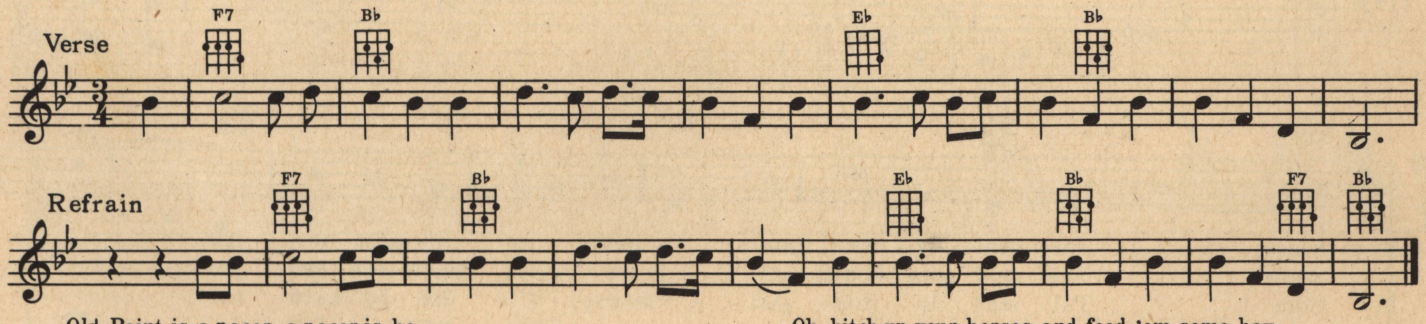
Oh, father, oh, father, go dig my grave,
Go dig it long and narrow,
Sweet William died for me today,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

She was buried in the old church-yard,
And he was buried nigh her,
On William's grave there grew a red rose,
On Barbara's grew a green briar.

They grew to the top of the old church tower,
They could'nt grow any higher,
They hooked they tied in a true love's knot,
Red rose around the briar.

OLD PAINT

Tune Uke
A D F♯ B



Old Paint is a pacer, a pacer is he,
He paces all day in the shade of a tree,
Old Paint's a good pony, he paces when he can,
He stumbles on the hard road, and falls in the sand.

REFRAIN

Ridin' Old Paint and a-leadin' old Ball,
Farewell to the Pecos, farewell to you all.

He grazes on the ridges and waters in the draw,
His tail's full of cockleburs and his back is all raw,
Old Paint's a good pony, I ride him when I can,
He stumbles and falls with the weight of man.

Oh, hitch up your horses and feed 'em some hay,
And seat yourself by me so long as you stay,
My horses ain't hungry, they'll not eat your hay,
My wagon is loaded and a-rollin' away.

Well, I used to have a pony and I called him Old Paint,
I used to could ride him but now I cain't;
Old Paint had a cold, so I'm ridin' old Fan
Good-bye to the Pecos, hello to Cheyenne.

Chorus should be sung after each verse.

NINETY-NINE YEARS

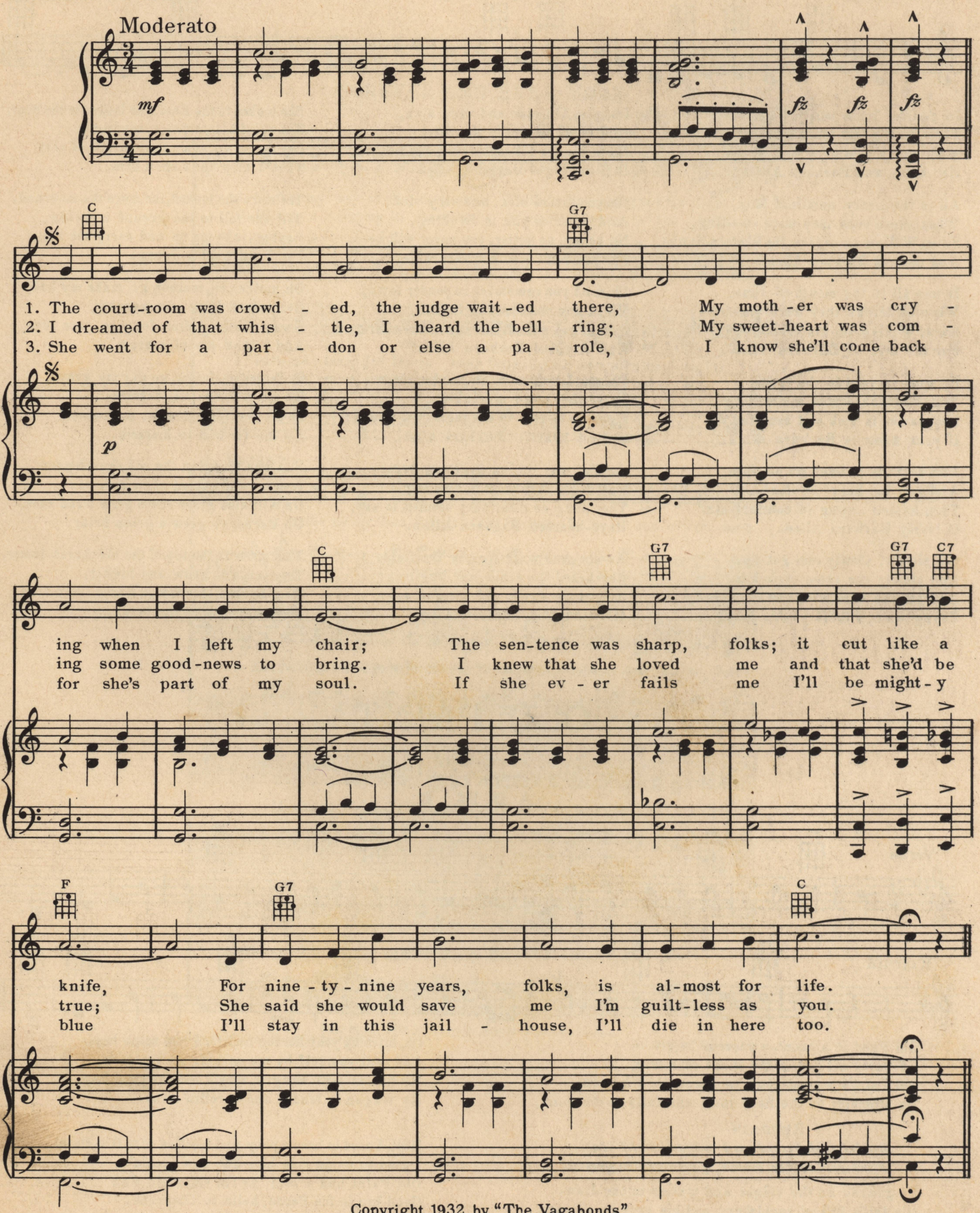
(Is almost for life)

Tune Uke in C

G C E A

Lyric by
HERALD GOODMAN

Music by
DEAN UPSON


Moderato
mf
fz fz fz
C
G7
1. The court-room was crowd - ed, the judge wait-ed there, My moth-er was cry -
2. I dreamed of that whis - tle, I heard the bell ring; My sweet-heart was com -
3. She went for a par - don or else a pa - role, I know she'll come back
p
C
G7
G7 C7
ing when I left my chair; The sen-tence was sharp, folks; it cut like a
ing some good-news to bring. I knew that she loved me and that she'd be
for she's part of my soul. If she ev - er fails me I'll be might-y
F
G7
C
knife, For nine - ty - nine years, folks, is al-most for life.
true; She said she would save me I'm guilt-less as you.
blue I'll stay in this jail - house, I'll die in here too.

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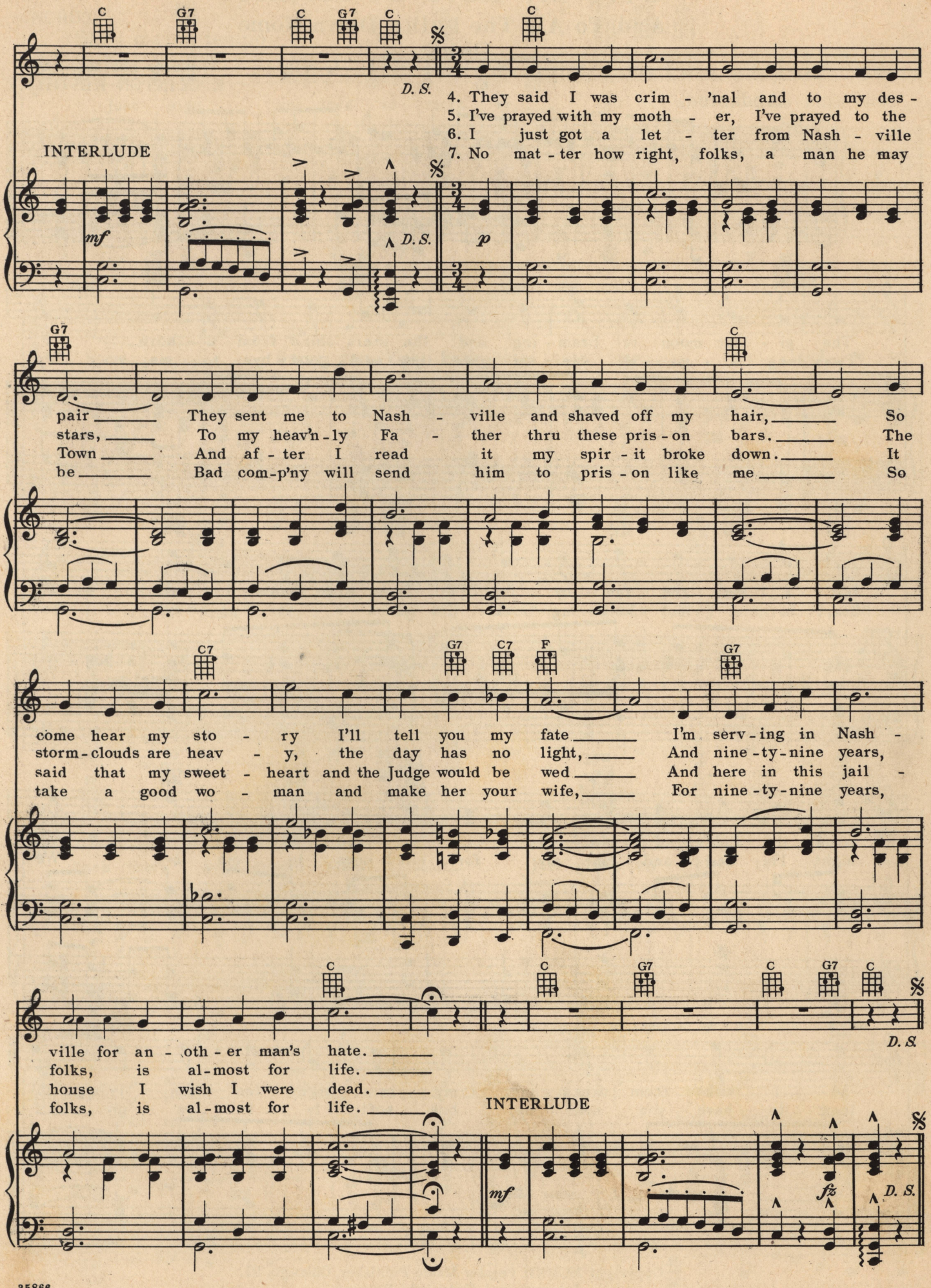

C
G7
C
G7
C
D. S.
C
4. They said I was crim - 'nal and to my des -
5. I've prayed with my moth - er, I've prayed to the
6. I just got a let - ter from Nash - ville
7. No mat - ter how right, folks, a man he may
INTERLUDE
mf
D. S.
p
G7
C
pair They sent me to Nash - ville and shaved off my hair, So
stars, To my heav'n-ly Fa - ther thru these pris - on bars. The
Town And af - ter I read it my spir - it broke down. It
be Bad com-p'ny will send him to pris - on like me So
C7
G7
C7
F
G7
come hear my sto - ry I'll tell you my fate I'm serv - ing in Nash -
storm-clouds are heav - y, the day has no light, And nine-ty-nine years,
said that my sweet - heart and the Judge would be wed And here in this jail -
take a good wo - man and make her your wife, For nine-ty-nine years,
C
C
G7
C
G7
C
D. S.
ville for an - oth - er man's hate.
folks, is al-most for life.
house I wish I were dead.
folks, is al-most for life.
INTERLUDE
mf
fz
D. S.

Give My Love To Mother

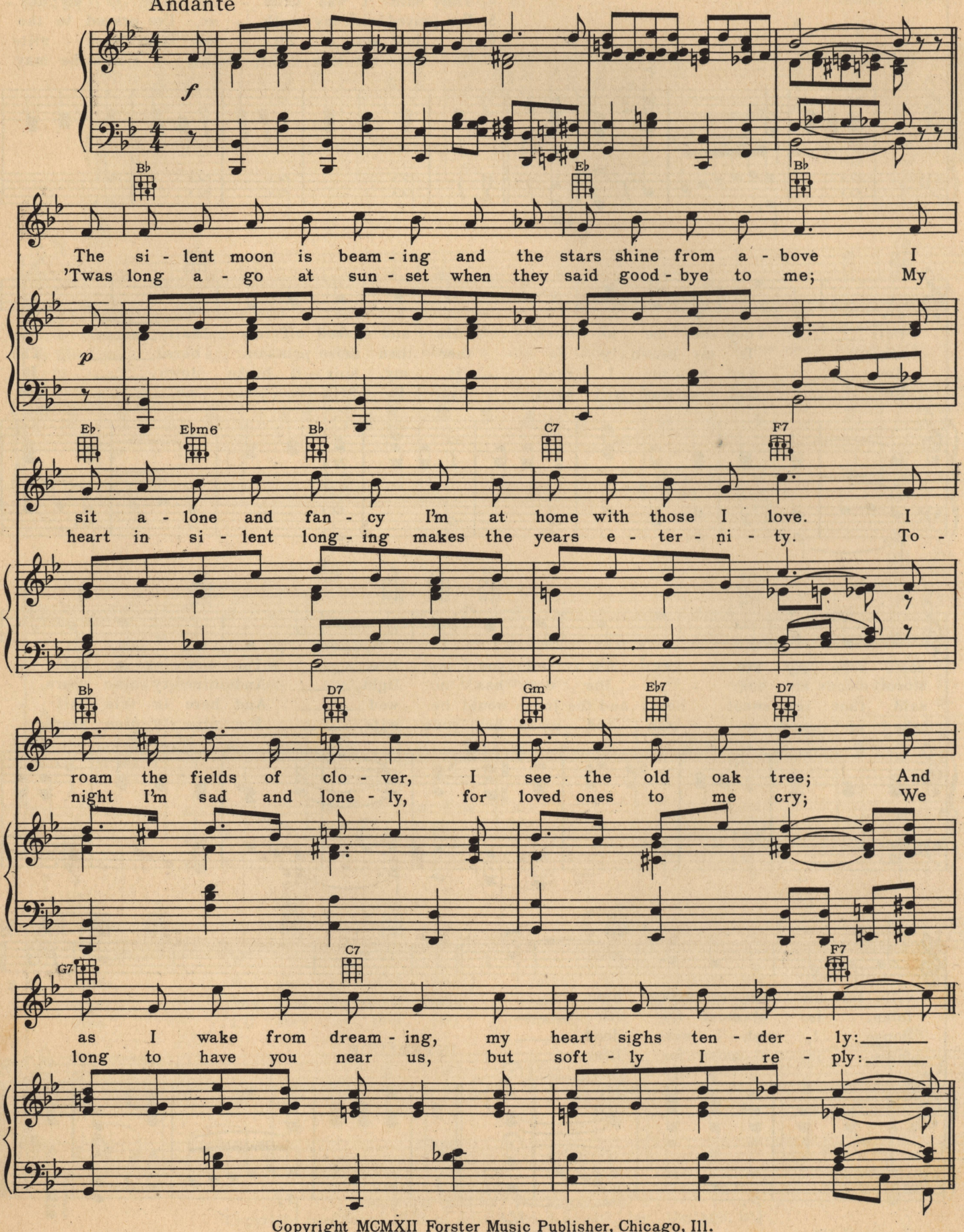
And To All The Folks Down Home

Uke in E♭

B♭ E♭ G C

Words and Music by
E. CLINTON KEITHLEY

Andante


f
B♭
E♭
B♭
The si - lent moon is beam - ing and the stars shine from a - bove I
'Twas long a - go at sun - set when they said good - bye to me; My
p
E♭
E♭m6
B♭
C7
F7
sit a - lone and fan - cy I'm at home with those I love. I
heart in si - lent long - ing makes the years e - ter - ni - ty. To -
B♭
D7
Gm
E♭7
D7
roam the fields of clo - ver, I see the old oak tree; And
night I'm sad and lone - ly, for loved ones to me cry; We
G7
C7
F7
as I wake from dream - ing, my heart sighs ten - der - ly:
long to have you near us, but soft - ly I re - ply:

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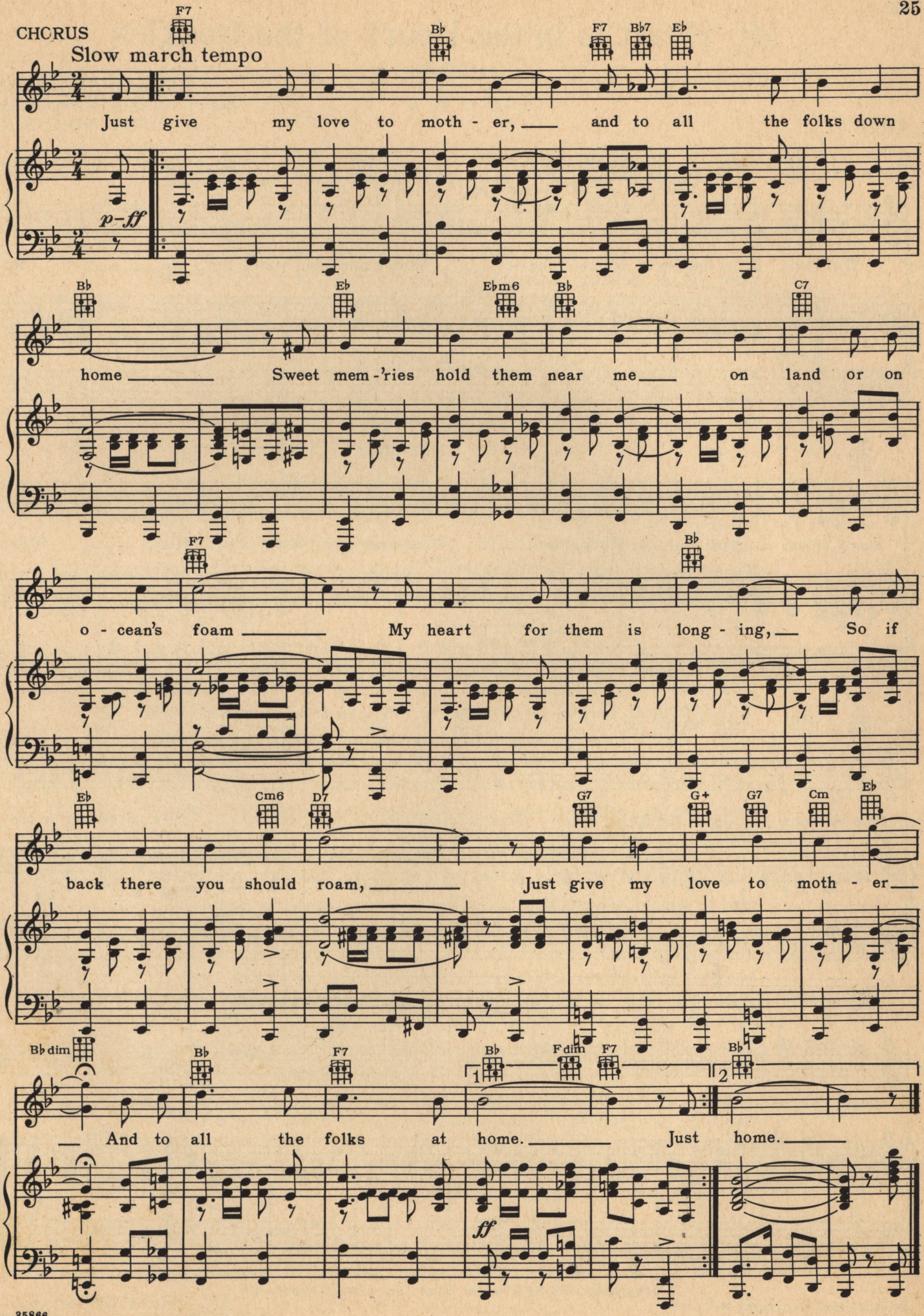
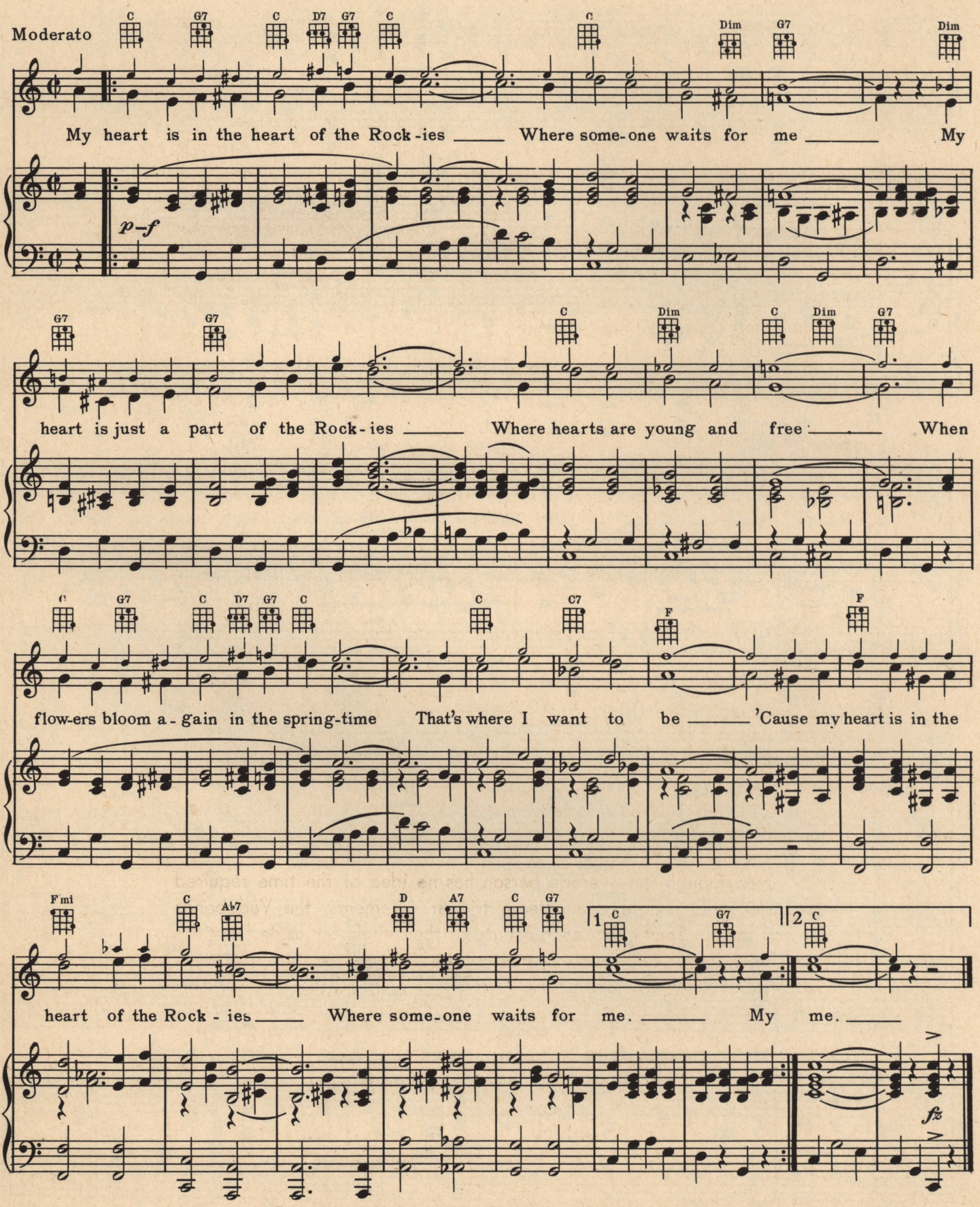

CHORUS
Slow march tempo
F7
B♭
F7 B♭7 E♭
Just give my love to moth - er, and to all the folks down
p–ff
B♭
E♭
E♭m6
B♭
C7
home Sweet mem-'ries hold them near me on land or on
F7
B♭
o - cean's foam My heart for them is long - ing, So if
E♭
Cm6
D7
G7
G+
G7
Cm
E♭
back there you should roam, Just give my love to moth - er
B♭ dim
B♭
F7
B♭
F dim
F7
B♭
1
2
And to all the folks at home. Just home.
ff

My Heart is in the Heart of the Rockies

Tune Ukulele

G C E A

By HERALD GOODMAN
DEAN UPSON and
CURT POULTON

CHORUS

Moderato
C G7 C D7 G7 C C Dim G7 Dim
My heart is in the heart of the Rock-ies ___ Where some-one waits for me ___ My
p–f
G7 G7 C Dim C Dim G7
heart is just a part of the Rock-ies ___ Where hearts are young and free ___ When
C G7 C D7 G7 C C C7 F F
flow-ers bloom a-gain in the spring-time That's where I want to be ___ 'Cause my heart is in the
Fmi C Ab7 D A7 C G7 1 C G7 2 C
heart of the Rock-ies ___ Where some-one waits for me. ___ My me. ___
fz

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HOW DO THE VAGABONDS LIVE?

They start their day very early, usually arising about 7:00 A. M. Their first job is to meet in their assigned office quarters at the radio station and there go over the mail received the previous day. Each letter must have careful attention and where an answer is needed, time is taken to attend to it at once.

Following this is a period in which they carefully go over the hundreds of songs that are sent to them each week with the request that they sing them on their programs.

Next comes lunch time. The Vagabonds are well known for their Table Power — EAT! When that word is spoken, they all smile and start following their noses to where the coffee odor is the strongest. Herald is usually the last at the table and stays longer than Dean and Curt because he really believes it is his duty to eat everything within reach or sight.

After lunch — back to the studio for the afternoon rehearsal. Their rehearsals usually last about two or three hours. If you think singing and rehearsing for three hours is fun, you try singing and talking for three hours and you'll find you can hardly speak at all.

One day each week is set aside for recreation. Hunting and golfing are their greatest outdoor hobbies. Dean is also an expert fisherman. BEWARE! Never let him measure his catch with his hands — "Ketch" on?

Sundays are kept as they should be — it's really a day of rest and reverence.

Even though the average person has no idea of the time required to build radio programs and learn trio arrangements, the Vagabonds do not mind. They enjoy each minute of their work, for aside from the acclaim they receive from their audience, there is joy and personal satisfaction in doing a thing well.

We almost forgot to say that Curt's hobby is playing that GUITAR.

THE VAGABONDS TRAVELING UNIT OF THE W S M GRAND OLD OPRY

THE VAGABONDS

STORY OF THE VAGABONDS'
Traveling "Grand Old Opry"

THE VAGABONDS' TRAVELING UNIT SHOW "THE GRAND OLD OPRY" was organized for the purpose of enabling the unseen radio audience to see in person the outstanding acts of the "GRAND OLD OPRY" as presented each Saturday Night from Radio Station WSM in Nashville, Tenn.

This show in its entirety is a theatrical production and not just an amateur routine of radio talent. Much time and money has been spent in order that the audience may see the true personality of each of the performers on the Grand Old Opry, and care has been taken to preserve that originality and spontaneity which is so characteristic of the real native hill folk.

Each performer in this show is a true native of the hills of Tennessee and not a synthetic product which you so often see in theatres in the larger cities in this country. The Vagabonds' Traveling Show has appeared in some of the best theatres in the country and has always attracted large crowds.

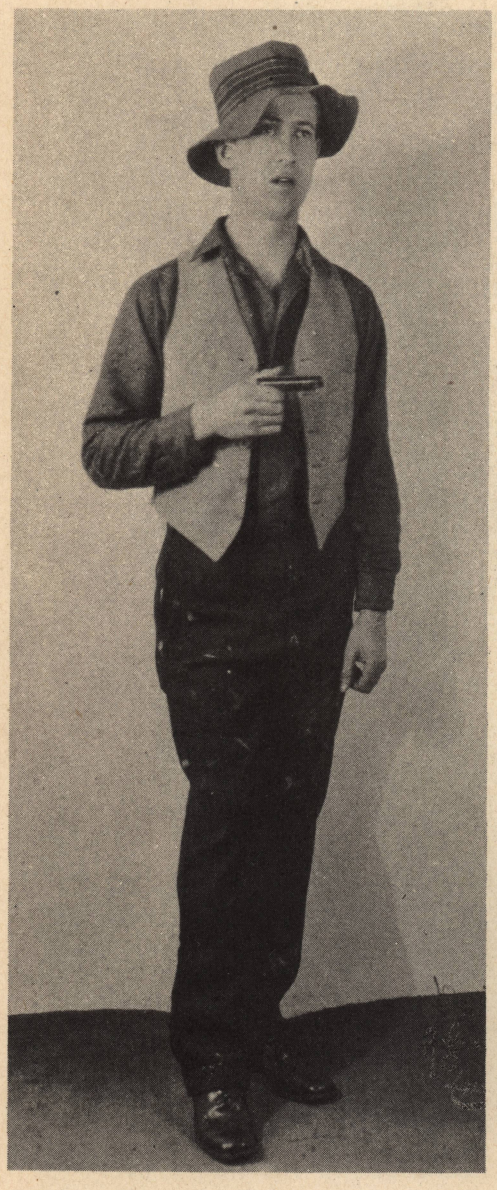
Appearances are made subject to their radio schedule but when the show is booked you should see the eagerness with which these people begin packing and preparing to meet in person the thousands they have been entertaining over the air.

We sincerely hope it will be your good fortune to see their performance in the near future.

This show is produced and booked under the management of the OLD CABIN COMPANY, Inc., HITCHCOCK BUILDING, NASHVILLE, TENN.

THE VAGABONDS

Herald



Dean

Curt

Sam McGee And Uncle Dave Macon

The Fruit Jar Drinkers

THE
VAGABONDS
Herald
Dean
Curt

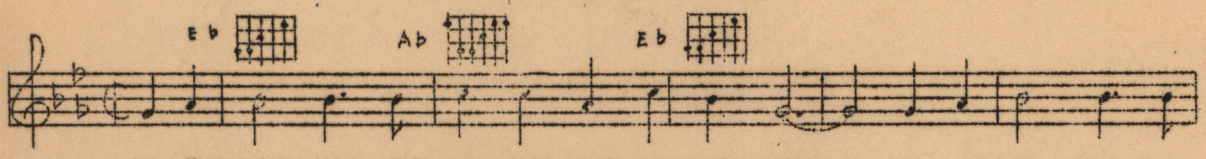
The
Bond Sisters

When It's Time For The Whippoorwill To Sing

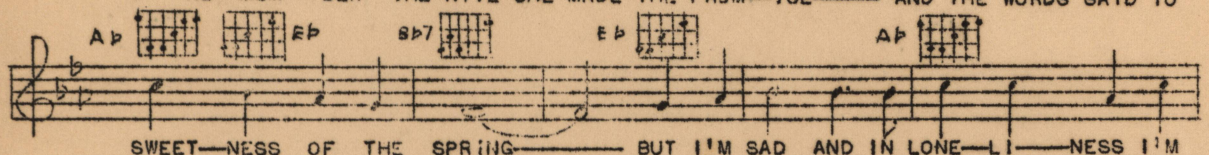
TUNE GUITAR
E A G B D E
PLACE CAPO ON 3RD FRET

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

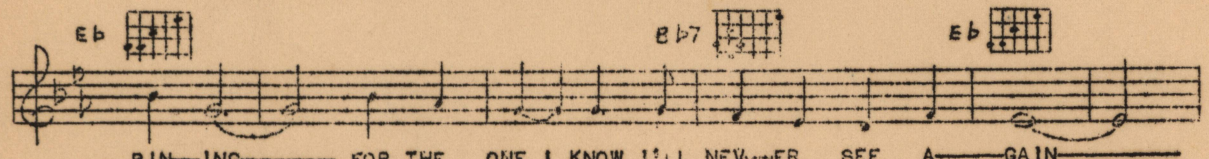
HERALD GOODMAN
DEAN UPSON
CURT POULTON



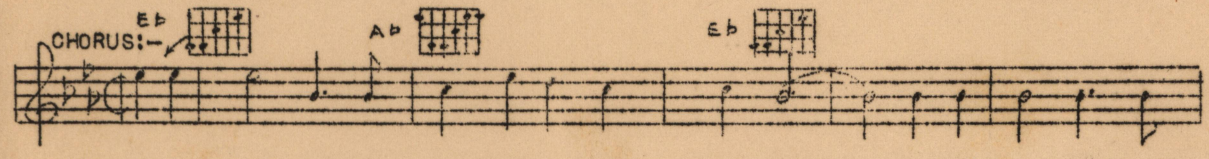
OH THE STARS AND THE SIL—VER MOON ARE SHIN—ING—— ALL—ROUND IS THE
WHEN I LEFT WITH THE THOT I'D BE RE—TURN—ING—— SOON TO HER WITH THE
I RE—MEM—BER THE NITE SHE MADE THE PROM—ISE—— AND THE WORDS SAID TO



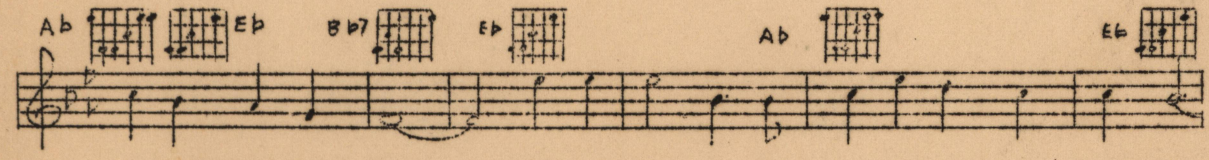
SWEET—NESS OF THE SPRING—— BUT I'M SAD AND IN LONE—LI——NESS I'M
WEALTH AND JOY I'D BRING—— I WAS GONE MAN—Y YEARS BE——FORE RE—
ME GREAT JOY DID BRING—— I'LL BE TRUE AND YOU KNOW YOU'LL FIND ME



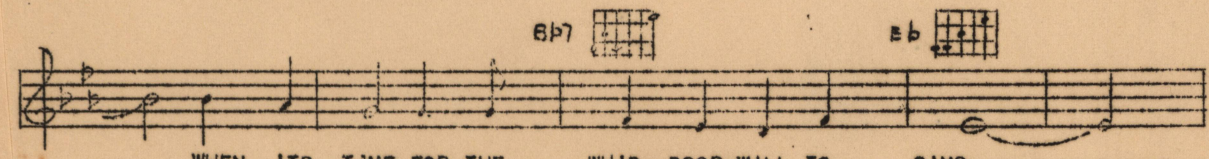
PIN—ING—— FOR THE ONE I KNOW I'LL NEV—ER SEE A——GAIN——
TURN—ING—— NOW SHE'S GONE AND I MISS HER IN THE SPRING——
WAIT—ING—— WHEN IT'S TIME FOR THE WHIP—POOR—WILL TO SING——



HOW I LONG FOR THE DAY WHEN I SHALL MEET HER—— IF IT BE WHERE THE



AN—GELS SWEET—LY SING—— SHE IS MINE AND THE THOT OF HER GROWS SWEET—ER



WHEN ITS TIME FOR THE WHIP—POOR—WILL TO SING——

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